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H.M. 42(1-6)







# THE SONGS OF THE GAEL :

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.



PART II.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

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*MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.*

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AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,  
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;  
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;  
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

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EDINBURGH :

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

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## THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

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## 17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.

KEY. f. l. : r ., m | r : d . l. : r ., m | f : s . f : m . r | d : d ., r : d . l. | d : - . }  
 F. ( 'Se Cofre- cheathaich nan aighcan siùbhach, An Coire rùmach is iùrar fonn,  
 My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,

{ r : r ., m | r : d . l. : r ., m | f : s . s : 1 . l | r : r ., r : 1 . l | s : - . }  
 Gu lurach miad-fheurach, mln-gheal, súghar, Gach lusan fluar bu chùbhraidh team;  
 Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;

{ l. : l ., l | r : r . r : 1 . l | s : f . f : m . r | d : d ., r : d . l. | d : - . }  
 Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dlu-ghlan, grinn,  
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,

{ r : r ., m | r : d . l. : r ., m | f : s . s : 1 . l | r' : l ., s : f . m | r : - |  
 Caoln, ballach, ditheanach, canach, misleanach; Gleann a mhìlltich 's an liomhnr mang.  
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

Tha mala ghruaamach de'n bhiclair uaine,  
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn;  
 Is doire sheallbag aig bun nan garbh-chlaich,  
 'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal  
 pronn;  
 'Na ghluagan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,  
 Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunnd eas lòm,  
 Gach sruthan huisce 'na chuailean cil-ghorm,  
 A ruith 'na spùta 's na lùba steall,  
 'S a mhaduinn chìùin-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh,  
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;  
 A cheare le sgiucan a gabhail tùchain,  
 'S an coileach chìurteil a dùrdail cròm;  
 An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheadh chìùil aig'  
 A cur nan sùntid dheth gu lùghor binn;  
 An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran uinich,  
 Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiùbhach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain  
 With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;  
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,  
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;  
 Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,  
 The new-born stream from the darksome deep;  
 Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,  
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming,  
 Beneath the rock to recline, and hear  
 The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,  
 And gallant moorcock soft-crooning near;  
 The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,  
 With mellow music a ceaseless strain;  
 The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing  
 Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

## 18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

KEY B<sub>flat</sub>. { :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | m : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s ; - : - | : }  
 (A Mhairi bhan og, 's tu'n bigh th'air m' aire B'rn bheo bhi far am bith'nl shein; Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti - ful bride;

{ :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }  
 (O'n rhair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt o'n chleir; In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;

{ :m. f | s : f : m | l<sub>1</sub> : - : d | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s ; - : - | : }  
 (Le cumhnantan teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaom a dh'fhanas's nach treig, This cov - e - nant sure, ap - proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a - bide,

{ :m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }  
 (Se t'fhaontainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn sléin - te maireann a'rn' chré. And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride. ||

Eheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt'  
 A dh' fhàs gu boinmeanta, caoin,  
 Gu mileant, còmhnard, seocail, foinnidh,  
 Do chòmhnuadh gheibh mi gu saor:  
 Tha mi air sheòl gu lòcòr a'd' chomain  
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu facain  
 Do m' smaointeán gòrach pròis nam boireannach,  
 'S còir dhomh fùireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill'an robh croinn is gallain,  
 Bu bhoisgeil sealadh mu'n enaïrt,  
 'S bha miann mo stùl do dh' fhuiran barraicht  
 An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;  
 Geng fo bhlàth o bàrr gu talamh,  
 A lub mi farasda nuas,  
 Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh  
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuaín.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses  
 And pride, shall ever be shown;  
 Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,  
 And fair and sweet has she grown,  
 My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,  
 Ere ever her love I had known;  
 But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly  
 My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well  
 A scene of beauty to view, . . . [nourished,  
 I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,  
 Of bright and beautiful hue:  
 That bough from above, desiring greatly,  
 With love unto me I drew;  
 None else could have moved that tree so stately,  
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Bàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael, The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

## 19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.

Key: F | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : r | 1 : t : 1 | s : m : r | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : m | s : m : d | m : r }  
**F.** Dh'iadhbh CEO nan stuc mu cu - dann Chuilinn, Is sheinn 'bhean-shith a torman mulaid, O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;

g : m | 1 : - : s | 1 : - : r | r' : d' : t | 1 : r : m | s : - l : s | m : - d' | s : d : r | m : r ||  
 Gorm shuithean ciùin 's an Duin a sileadh, O'n thríall thu uainn's nach till thu tuille! ||  
 Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.

f : d | s : - : d | 1 : - : d | s : - : m | r : d : d | d : - r : d | d' : - : s | d' : - : 1 | 1 : s }  
**SEISD—** Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Criomainn, An cogadh no sith cha till e tuille,  
**CHORUS** —No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;

f : s | s : - l : t | d' : - : s | 1 : - : 1 | s : m : d | f : - m : f | s : - : m | r : - : m | r : d ||  
 Le airgiod no ni cha till Mac Criomainn, Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne. ||  
 Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,  
 Gach sruthan's gach alt gu mall le bruthach,  
 Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,  
 A caidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhairge fa dhéibh ìan bròin is mulaid,  
 Tha'bha báta fo sheol, ach dhluibh i siubhal;  
 Tha gáirich nan tonn le fauim neo-shubhach,  
 Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,  
 'S mac-talla nam mur le mòirn 'ga fhreagairt,  
 Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheol, gun bheadradh,  
 O'n thríall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,  
 The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;  
 Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,  
 Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,  
 The boat under sail unmoved is lying;  
 The voice of the waves in sadness dying,  
 Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,  
 Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;  
 Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,  
 For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

## 20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE— OSSIAN AND MALVINA.

KEY. **F.** { d : d | d :-r | m : r | d :-| r : r | l :-se | l : s.f | f :-| f : f | l :-s | s:m | m:- }  
 { 'Se guth ciùin mo riuin a th' ann, 'S ainnic thu gu m'aisling fein; Fosglairbh sibhs'bhur talla thall,  
 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,

{ d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l, :- | m : 1 | 1 :-se | m : se | 1 :- | d : d | l :-s }  
 { Shinnse Thoseair, nam ard speur. 'Se do chomhuidh-s' m'anam fein, A shil Oisein,  
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,

{ f : s.f | m :- | d : d | l :-s | s : m | m :-r | d : d | r :-m | d :-t, | l, :- }  
 { 'I's trone laimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun rheum, Moldeoir mar shileadh speuran ard.  
 might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seed,  
 Oscar chor, le geugailbh cùbhr' ;  
 Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr ;  
 Thuit fo seithi mo cheann fo smùr.  
 Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,  
 Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein :  
 Chunnaic oigh mi fo shamhchair thall,  
 Ehuail iad clarsaiche mall nan tend.

### OISEAN :

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,  
 Nighean Lotha, nan struth fiar,  
 'N eual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn  
 An aisiing, ann do chodal ciar ?  
 Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall  
 Air bruachan Mòrshruith nan toirm beur',  
 Nuair tearnadh leat o sheilg nan cùrn,  
 An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,  
 'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth ;  
 'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,  
 Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.  
 Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith  
 Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin ;  
 Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrigh  
 Gann an lài' an tir nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,  
 My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,  
 But his death soon blighted me,  
 And my blossoms drooped and died.  
 Spring returned with flower and leaf,  
 But no leaf on me was found ;  
 Virgins saw my silent grief,  
 Struck the harp of softest sound.

### OSSIAN :

Sweet the music in my ears,  
 Maid from Lotha's winding streams,  
 Has the voice of other years  
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams ?  
 When, descending from the chase,  
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,  
 Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,  
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,  
 O Malvina, round thee stole ;  
 Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh !  
 Sorrow melts the weary soul.  
 There is joy in peaceful woe  
 When sublith sorrow's strife ;  
 Idle tears should cease to flow,  
 Grief consumes the mourner's life.

21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.



KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l.s : f.m | s : d | d : s | m : d' | s : d | d : s }  
 Thug mi mionnan (S còir an cumail daingean), Fuirreach fad mo  
 I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from



{ l.s : f.m | f : r | r : m | f : l | d' : - .r' | d' : s | m.f : s.m | d' : - .r' }  
 bhed Mar bu chòir do mhanach. Falairch uam do ghnùis, ciurrar  
 now Live a life mon-as-tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-



{ d' : d | m : s | d' : - .r' | m.r' : d'.t | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l }  
 mi le dealan, Ead ar gath do shùl 's lubag. an na lainir.  
 way the lightning of thy dazzling grace, And thy glances brightning.

Ni do mhaladhonn  
 (Crom mar bhogha-saigheid)  
 Guin a chur am chom  
 Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.  
 Tha do bhilean blath  
 Tàladh a chum meallaidh;  
 Dhuraiginn—ach, à!  
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,  
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;  
 Iomairt ann am cheamn  
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.  
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoiadhch',  
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;  
 Mur a fan thu fòil  
 Gòisничidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows  
 Pierce my soul, and slay more  
 Quickly than bent bows  
 Or a shining claymore;  
 Lest thy warm lips draw  
 My heart to sweets forbidden;—  
 I could wish—but, ah!  
 Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,  
 Its fragrance round me stealing  
 Sends my thoughts astray,  
 And sets my brain a reeling.  
 I am so beset  
 With thy witching beauty,  
 That I may forget  
 Vows and sacred duty.

## 22—EALAIDH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.

KEY E  $\frac{2}{4}$  : d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . l | r : m . f | s : m . r |

SEISD—Air fall - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fall - ir - in, Air

CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in,

{ d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s |

{ ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fall - ir - in, ill - ir - in, eel - yir - in, eel - yir - in,

{ l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r |

{ uill - ir - in, O, Gur boidheach an commun tha comhnuidh'n Strath mor. ||

{ ool - yir - in, O, For kinglom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

Gur gile mo leannan  
 Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,  
 Na cobhar na tuinne,  
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,  
 Na'm blath bhaimne buaile,  
 'S a chuaich leis fo bharr,  
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach  
 'G a fhroiseadh mun'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas  
 Air stuchdaibh man sliabh,  
 Tha eas-fhaile mo ruin-sa  
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;  
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros  
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh  
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein  
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean  
 A comhdach nam bruach,  
 Bi'dh gach eoincean 's a chrochd-choil  
 A ccol leis a chuaich;  
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn  
 A leumnaich 's a ruraig,  
 Fo dhiluth-ghengaibh sgaileach,  
 A manran ri m' lauidh.

Not the swan on the lake,  
 Or the foam on the shore,  
 Can compare with the charms  
 Of the maid I adore;  
 Not so white is the new milk  
 That flows o'er the pail,  
 Or the snow that is shower'd  
 From the brow of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath  
 On the mountain's high brow,  
 So the locks of my fair one  
 Redundantly flow;  
 Her cheeks have the tint  
 That the roses display  
 When they glitter with dew  
 In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles  
 The landscape with flowers,  
 And the thrush and the cuckoo  
 Sing soft in their bowers,  
 Through the wood-shaded windings  
 With Bella I'll rove,  
 And feast unrestrained  
 On the smiles of my love.

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWEN MACLACHLAN.

## 28—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

*Slowly and tenderly.*



KEY E. (r) : r , m | f : d , l : l , s , f | m : s . (l) : l , r | r : d , r : m , r | r , d , - : l , }

'S tric mi seal tuinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch an faic mi fear a bhà - ta,

I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,

Seisid.—Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,

Chorus.—O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



{ (r) : r , m | f : s . f : m , r | f : s . , (s) : l , d , l , r : d , l : l , s , m | r : r . }

{ An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu'mairreach? Smur tig thu'i - dir gar truagh a ta mi!

When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.

Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!

O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brûite;  
'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;  
An tig thu nocht, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?  
No'n dùm mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bhà,  
Ain fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sibhailt;  
Ach 'ann a tha gach an diubh g' ràite,  
Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh diut.

Gheall mo leannan domh gìn dhe 'n t-sioda,  
Gheall e siod agus breacan riomhach;  
Fainn' òir anns am faicinn iomhaigh;  
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chumhain.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,  
Cha do lughadaich siod mo ghaol ort;  
Bi'dh tu 'm aisingh anns an ildhche,  
Is anns a mhaduinn bi'dh mi 'g ad foighneachd.

Thug mi gaoil duit's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;  
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ráidhе;  
Ach gaoil a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,  
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoich am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,  
Gu'm feum mi t'aogas a chur air di-chuimhn';  
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain,  
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt Ronaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tòrsach, deurach,  
Mar eala bhàin 's i an déigh a reubadh;  
Gníleag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,  
Is each uile an déigh a tróiginn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,  
And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;  
Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?  
Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover  
If they have heard of, or seen my lover;  
They never tell me—I'm only chided,  
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady  
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,  
A ring of gold which would show his semblance,  
But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,  
But not the less to my heart I hold thee;  
And every night in my dreams I see thee,  
And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion  
Is not a season's brief emotion;  
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,  
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

My friends oft tell me that I must sever  
All thought of thee from my heart for ever;  
Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,  
Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,  
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,  
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,  
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

## 24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY E<sub>b</sub>. { (m., f) | s : d : d | d : - .r : m | r : - : m., f | s : m : s | l : - : s | s : - }  
 O! bhuanach sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bu chaochadh euairt;  
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



{ l., t | d' : - .t : l | s : - .f : m | r : - : m., s | l : s : m | r : - : m | d : - ||  
 A sealbhachadh aoihlneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.  
 Each glad in the other's delight, And mixing our cares and tears. ||

'S nuair dh' hair' inn-sa mulad no beud  
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fair,  
 Oir dh' ionpaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid  
 Gach duilhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'us subhachas daond'  
 A tionndaidh gu aoiigh a bhròin,  
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh  
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo cheò.

Ge minic a dh'fiosraich sinn daor  
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,  
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh  
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom' o'n nòs.

O! bhuanach sinn tairis 'nar gaol  
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochadh euairt,  
 A sealbhachadh aoihlneis a cheil'  
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is cairdeamaid dochas gun géill  
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;  
 Co-phairticheams' acaim do chleibh  
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhlneis coir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief  
 But your help and caresses came soon?  
 Your kindness still brought me relief,  
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees  
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,  
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,  
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,  
 My darling, too often we knew;  
 But each of us still knew of one  
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,  
 Nor changed with the changeful years,  
 Each glad in the other's delight,  
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part  
 Of our life is the part that is flown;  
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,  
 And make all my gladness your own.

25—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.

KEY B.

m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - | r : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : d | l : - : - }  
 Och nan oeh! leag iad thu, Och nan oeh! leag iad thu,  
 Och nan oeh! thou art low, Och nan oeh! tale of woe,  
 FINE.

S

d : - : l | d : - : r | d : - : l | s : - : l | d | r : - : d | x | m : - : m | r : - : - | d : - : - }  
 Och nan oeh! leag iad thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh;  
 Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh.  
 Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;  
 'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee. D.S.

m : - : r | m : - : m | m : - : r | d | d : - : - | r : - : d | x | m : - : r | d | r : - : d | l | l : - : - }  
 Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,  
 'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,  
 'Giulan na curraice,  
 O'n chuala gach duine,  
 Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.  
 'S t-each deann ro dhuhbha,  
 Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,  
 O'n tac a so 'n-uirdh,  
 O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,  
 'S tric snidh air mo shuilean,  
 'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhliurain,  
 Marcaich in 'nan steud aluin.  
 Cha teid mi gu bainnis,  
 Gu feill no gu faidhir,  
 Gur ann toiseach an earrach,  
 Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!  
 Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!  
 Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!

Reub an t-each ban thu!  
 Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!  
 Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!  
 Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!

Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress  
 While these griefs round me press,  
 Mourning in deep distress,  
 Sadly I linger.  
 Oh, but my heart is wae!  
 Oh, how unlike the day  
 When first this circle lay  
 Fair on my finger!

Under my widow's weeds,  
 Oh, how my bosom bleeds,  
 Rider of gallant steeds,  
 Weeping, I mourn thee:  
 Ne'er shall my heavy heart  
 Have in earth's joys a part:  
 Death, with his fatal dart,  
 Sorely hath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,  
 Riding with eager speed,  
 Slain by the milk-white steed,  
 Where it had thrown thee.  
 Oh, my young darling Hugh,  
 Slain e'er I ever knew;  
 Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,  
 I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN OR HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.  
 Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN's Collection, and Professor BROWN'S  
 "The Thistle."

## 26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

CHORUS.



KEY | s ,m : d ,l .- | d .d : s ,m | s ,m : d ,r | m ,s .- : l | s ,m : d ,l .- | s ,d : s ,f }  
 C. | Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? | Iseabail nach dean thu tamh? | Iseabail gu bheil thu (gorach )  
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

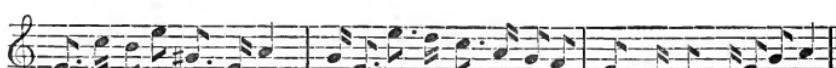
SONG.



{ m ,r : d ,r | m ,s .- : l | s ,m .- : d' ,l | s ,m : f ,r .- | s ,d' : t .l | s e ,m : l }  
 Mur a pos thu Donull Bàn. Ged a thainig e gu laithibh Tha e laidir reachdor slan,  
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;



{ s ,m .- : d' ,l | s ,m : f ,r .- | m ,r : d ,r | m ,s .- : l | s ,m .- : d' ,l | s ,m : f ,r .- }  
 Na biadh ion'gain ort a h-alach, Bi' tu'd mhathair na gabh sgath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun ghaime,  
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,



{ m ,d' : t .m' | s e ,m : l | s ,m .- : m' ,r' | d' ,l : s .f | m ,r : d ,r | m ,s : l }  
 'S paiteas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bh' in taice giullain shuarach 'S e gun bhualle aig no bharr.  
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,  
 Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath ;  
 'S fearr duit sin na'n airc, is briodal  
 Iain chrin a Dail-a-chùis.  
 Tog dhe d' iomaire feadh an tighe,  
 Cha'n' eil math dhuit a bhi báth ;  
 Glac an gliocas, 's glae an storas  
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhàil.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse  
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,  
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull  
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart sas an la.  
 Greas, gabh comhairle, 's euir umad,  
 Bidh an duine so gun dhàil,  
 Nach biadh aileag ann do mhuineal  
 Nuair a chuireas e ort failt.

You'll get jewelry and dresses,  
 And you'll never want for cash;  
 Better than mere caresses  
 From wee John of Dalachash.  
 What's the good of being saucy?  
 Stop your fussing through the house;  
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,  
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow  
 If your chances you abuse;  
 You may leave the house to-morrow  
 If old Donald you refuse.  
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;  
 There, your man is coming, Miss;  
 Now, don't you be making faces  
 When he greets you with a kiss.

## 27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.

KEY D. { :m.s | 1 :r | d' :m ,m | s ,f :m ,r | d :m.s | 1 :r | d' :m ,d | r : - | r }  
 theid sinn, theid sinn le suigeart agus aoidh, theid sinn, theid sim deon - ach  
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.

{ :m.s | 1 :r | d' :m | s ,f :m ,r | d :t .d' | r' :d' .t | l .s :f .m | r : - | r }  
 theid sinn, theid sinn thafris air an t-Srnidh, Gu muinntir ar daimh us ar n-ebl - as.  
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.

{ :m.r | d :d' | d' : - d' | r' ,d' : t ,l | l .s : - s | l : r' | r' : - m' | r' : - d' | l }  
 Ged bha sinn bliadhna - tan fa - da fa - da bhuath, Am Bai - le Chluaidh a còmh - muidh,  
 Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

D.C.

{ : t | d' ,d' :d' ,r' | d' : t ,l | s ,f :m ,r | d : r ,m | l : s .m | l .s :f ,m | r : - | r }  
 Car tammil beag gun treig sinn ar gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh' fhaotainn an gràidh 'us an còmhraidh.  
 We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith,  
 Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's  
 an t-samhráidh,

'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.  
 O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn  
 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn  
 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinnitinn an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—

The bay with boats in motion,

The mountains all sublime with their snow in  
 summer time,

And rivers rolling down to the ocean.

Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,

And wander through the wild wood,

Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the  
 live-long day,

Where we used to play in childhood.

Away, &c.

## 28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY f, r | I : - . 1 : 1 , m | f . m : r : - . s | f „ s : l : - . f' | m' . m' : r' : - . }  
 C. { An uair lha Gàilig aig na h-eòin Bha'm bainne air an Iòn mar dhrithehd  
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up on the lea;



{. t | m' : - . r' : t , l | f . m : s : - . t | r' , m' : l : - . d' | m . m : r : - . ||  
 A mhil a' fas air bàrr an fhraoch, A h-uile nl cho saor 's am bùrn.  
 The heath er in to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh mìal;  
 Orra cha robh cùin no cis—  
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill  
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phris.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;  
 Cha robh cònsachadh no streup ann;  
 H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh  
 Annas an t-seòl 'bu déòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air erich no tòir;  
 Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn bed an sith;  
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,  
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.  
 Dh' òr no dh' airgiot cha robh miagh;  
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;  
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,  
 Ni 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh euid chàich.

Bha caomhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh  
 Annas gach àit am measg an t-sluagh,  
 Eadar far an d' eirich grian  
 'Us far an laidh i niar 's a chuan.

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-eòin.

No tax or tribute used to fall  
 On honest men, nor any rent;  
 To hunt and fish was free to all,  
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,  
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;  
 But every one just led the life  
 And did the things that pleased him best.

All lived in peace, there was no sort  
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;  
 There was no need for any court—  
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,  
 Yet want and woe were never near;  
 All had enough, and richly fared,  
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread  
 Among the people everywhere,  
 From where the morning rises red  
 To where the evening shineth fair,

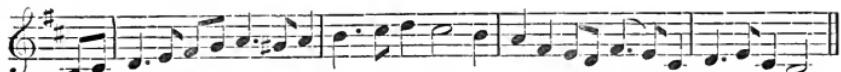
When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

## 29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.



KEY D. { m :-f : s | l : - : t | d' :-m' : r' d' | t : - : l | s : m : d' | t : - : l | se : m : l | l : - }  
 Cuir, a chion di - lis, di - lis, Cuir, a chion di - lis, tharam do lamh;  
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms;



{ 1. t | d : -r : m. f | s : -f : s | l : -t : d' | t : - : l | s : m : r. d | m : -r : t | d : -r : t | l : - }  
 Do ghorm shuil thairis a mhealladh nam mill-tean, E' amaideach mi 'nuair thug mi dhuit gradh;  
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing; Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.



{ 1 | d' :-r' : m' | m' :-m' : f' | m' : r' : d' | t : - : l : s | d' : -t : d' | r' : -de' : r' | m' :-re' : m' | m' : - }  
 Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhacas a thuaireas, Giomachd fo'n chuach-chultha camagach thà,  
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d' : r' | m' : f' : m' : r' : d' | r' : m' : r' : d' : t | l : s : f' : m' : d' | t : - : l | s : m : r. d | m : -r : t | d : -r : t | l : - }  
 Rinn dealradh do mhaise 'us lasadh do ghruidhean Mise ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu lár.  
 Thy lips red and luscious, and blushes bright glowing, Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun  
 ghruaimean,

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my  
 treasure,

'S daingean a bhailid iad mise le d' ghradh.

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairce,

With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with

Cladhaicheadh m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.

pleasure;

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is  
 cruaidh;

Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;  
 Na, bioldhams'a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o'n uairso;  
 Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu thàs.

Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish;

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an  
 uaigheas,

Free me—remember how noble thou art;

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là;  
 Ach ainnir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce,

No longer enslave me but save me from anguish:

Gabh-sa dhiom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

For me there's no sleeping; but weeping, grief-

laden,

Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell;

But, oh! should my sweetest and neatest young

Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden

30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH ETIVE.

KEY F.  $\text{f}^{\text{d}^1\text{.l}}$  | s : m : r . d | d : - . r : m . f | s : - . l : s | s : m : d }  
 SEISD—  
 Cha'n ell mi mar b'abb - aist la seachduin no Sàbaid, 'S cha  
 Dh' fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiad aire Do 'n  
 CHORUS—I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And  
 A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has

D.C.

$\text{m}^{\text{d}^1}$  | m : - x : d | r : m : s | l : - : s : | m . f | s : 1 : d^1 | r^1 : - . d^1 : r^1 }  
 düisig - ear à pràmhd gu deagh ghleus mi; Bha ám ann 'us shaoil mi nach  
 chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Elite.  
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for  
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

\* First time end with F (doh!); second time end with C (soh).

$\text{m}^{\text{d}^1\text{:x}^1\text{:d}^1}$  | d^1 : 1 : s | l : - . s : 1 | s : 1 : d^1 | r^1 : - : 1 | : : d^1 . r^1 }  
 beanadh an gaol rium 's nach | maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach  
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've  
 $\text{m}^{\text{d}^1\text{:d}^1\text{:d}^1}$  | r^1 : 1 : 1 | d^1 : s : s | l : t : d^1 | m : - x : d | r : m : s | l : - : s |  
 chaochail am beachd sin 'us tha mi nis faicinn Gur deac - air e duine bhi strith ris.  
 changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coinnimh na h-bigridh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimhliont, chiaitch;  
 'Us cha tig e an gràig a mhùchas an t-sradag  
 A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.

Cha duth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug  
 buaidh orm,

S'a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—  
 A gnìs fhionnidh, fhàthail, a sùilean caoin, tairis,  
 'S a binn-bheul o 'n blasda thig còmhchradh.

Is finealta, nasal a beus 'us a glasasd;  
 Is ceanalta, suaireac a nìdur;

'N a pearse cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgeinneil—  
 Cha'n ioghnadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghràidheag.

'Se euspair mo smaointeán a latha 's a dh' oidhche  
 A dh' foillseachadh seòl air bhi réidh rith;  
 'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bhed  
 bidh mi truagh dheth,

Fo sgàil dhùibh gun suaimhneas gun  
 shibhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her  
 greeting,

This fair one for whom I am yearning,  
 And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my  
 bosom,

That still are unquenchably burning,  
 The graces displayed in this charming young  
 maiden

Are past all my powers of relation;  
 Her smile that entrances, her bright loving  
 glances,

Her artless and sweet conversation—  
 Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,  
 Each word and each motion discover

She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—  
 Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!

Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;  
 To win her esteem I'll endeavour;  
 And if my enslaver deny me her favour,  
 My life shall be clouded for ever.

### 31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY A. { | m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : r | m : - : s | }  
 Cag - ar - an, eag - ar - an, eag - ar - an, gaol - - ach,  
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O,

{ | m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : s<sub>1</sub> | }  
 Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoi - - ne  
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro;

{ | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : - : s | }  
 Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - - ich,  
 None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er;

{ | f : m : r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d | }  
 Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - - team.  
 Lull - a - by, lit - tie one, cry - ing no long - er.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,  
 Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;  
 Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,  
 Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean,  
 Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich;  
 Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,  
 Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean;  
 Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da;  
 Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,  
 'S bithidh fiamh-ghaire air gràdhán 'na bhruadar!

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,  
 He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe;  
 Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be:  
 None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing;  
 Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing;  
 Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken;  
 Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him;  
 Angels are lovingly watching around him—  
 Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,  
 Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

## 32—ORAN NA H-IUBILI—JUBILEE SONG.

CHORUS.



KEY B<sub>b</sub>. { s<sub>1</sub>, s<sub>1</sub> | d : m<sub>1</sub>. x | d : s<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub>. f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub>. d<sub>1</sub>. d<sub>1</sub>. d | r . m : f . m | r : l<sub>1</sub>. de }  
 (Cuiribh fonn air an dán so an can - ain ar n-aithrischean, 'Us togaibh leam an t-seisid so, gu)  
 Now a bold and sonor - ous good chor - us from Highlanders: Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain-



{ r : l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>. r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> | d : m<sub>1</sub>. r | d : s<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub>. f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub>. d<sub>1</sub>. d<sub>1</sub>. m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub>. m<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> }  
 { h-eutrom'sgu caithreamach; Tha clanna nan Gaidheal that tánh measg nam mor-bheanna, Le! durachd ag cur-  
 eers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glor - i - ous, The royal rule of

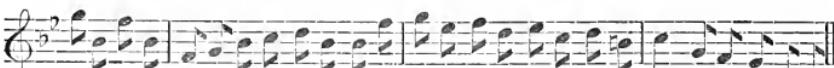
SONG.



{ l<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | r : l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>. r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> . f | m . d : s . d | l . d : s . d | m . d : s . d }  
 { faint air a' Ehan-righ'nn Victoria. Tha Sasunn doirtéadhl mach a h-bir à storasaibh gu)  
 blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



{ m . d : d . m | f . r : l . r | t . r : l . r | f . s : l . s | f . r : r . f | m . d : s . d }  
 { fughantach; An Eirinn flein a' deanamh streip a' mi-thlachd gheura thiomachail; Na! Culinrich agus )  
 al - i - ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual - i - ty; On Lowland dales and



{ l . d : s . d | s . l . d : r | m . d : d . s | l . f : s . m | f . r : m . d e | r : l . s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub>. r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> . }  
 { Goill na h-Al! eur! aird air mar is urrainn drílbh, A' choisreagadh gu h-nasal falaidh bliadhma na h-iubili!  
 hills of Wales, that ancient Principal - i - ty, This Jub - i - lee they keep with glee, and free cordi - al - i - ty!

Ach sinne, Gáidheil nan criochan garbh,  
 Is teare's an aon air fineachan;  
 Is eutrom, faladh, fia, gun br,  
 Ar pocáman 's ar n-ionmhasan;  
 Cha'n e ar nos bhl spaidseil, sporsail,  
 Bruidneach, boidsal, miodaich,  
 'Us talrighe sinn, mar sin, do'n Bháinrig'nn  
 Lan-ghrádh ar eridheachan.

Gunn Bon i mórán láithean fhathast  
 Cathair ard nam Breatainnach;  
 Gu'n fás a' chàirdnean Bonnior, Ian;  
 Gu'n faigh a námhaid beagachadh;  
 Gu'n meid i sónas, grádh an t-slóigh,  
 'Us glór 'n a haitheibh deireannach;  
 'S ma leanas fàtsan thig 'n a déigh  
 'N a ceannadh cha'n eagal duinn.

Ain mense nan línn a b' airde glór,  
 Le'n daolne mòra, foghaiteach;  
 Ain mense nam fine cholism clùch  
 Fo righribh chuisceil, comasach—  
 A dh'aindeoinnean beachd nan eacheadrachean -  
 Gu deimhinn, 's iad mo roghainn-sa  
 Ar cinneadh fein, an línn a tha  
 'S ar Eanrig'nn Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales  
 Beyond the frowning Grampians,  
 Though clansmen true, are poor and few,  
 Bereft of chiefs and champions.  
 Though we've been proud and never bowed  
 With praises loud to royalty,  
 Our Queen and land shall aye command  
 Our hand, heart and loyalty.

Long may she reign o'er land and main,  
 No loss or pain distressing her,  
 Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,  
 Health unceasing blessing her;  
 Long may her people shower upon her  
 Love and honour merited;  
 May sons unborn her virtues see  
 By kings to be inherited.

Of every age upon the page  
 Of Britain's sage historian,  
 For this we claim the highest fame,  
 This age we name Victorian;  
 And surely none such victories won  
 So wisely, bravely, humanly;  
 And than our Lady none has been  
 More queenly or womanly.

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